



I'M A
GREEN SHIRT

"Money is the creature
of law and the creation
of the original issue of
money should be
maintained as an ex-
clusive monopoly of the
National Government"

—Abraham Lincoln

I'M A GREEN SHIRT

Here I am — well over the three-score-years-and-ten mark — a Green Shirt.

But why? What got you into it? I am often asked. The answer would make a longish story, almost the life history of a nobody, and who would want that? Moreover, writing it might lay me open to the charge of senile exhibitionism. Still, if I must reply, chancing indifference on the one hand and contempt on the other—here goes!

* * * *

After early days spent in an atmosphere of *laissez faire* radicalism, tempered by human kindness and Quaker probity, I left uncongenial office work in this country when not much more than a boy, and in 1883 started roughing it in the hill forest of New Zealand.

Here I learnt many things, mostly about hard work, the greatest of my discoveries being this: that given freedom that is to say, given the full enjoyment of the fruits of one's own labour, any kind of work can be easily endurable, whether it be digging, axework, fencing, killing sheep or cleaning out pig-styes, and that in such a state of freedom no such work is felt for a moment to be undignified, and surprisingly seldom even dull.

That such freedom was only conditioned for me by the fact that my parents had provided me with a little capital, I did not then stop to consider. I simply worked hard in what seemed a very good world, and was happy.

I spent a few years with my brothers roughing it in tent and camp on our section until, having learned a bit of my job, turning rough hill bush into grass country, I wanted more land to practise on. Not so much, at that time, I think, because I was particularly keen after money as that I wanted to show my friends and neighbours that I was not altogether a fool at the job. To compass this end I went into

partnership with certain well-to-do folk in England, and with their money I took over a large piece of untouched forest land and cleared and grassed it, employing many paid white labourers and Maoris in the process.

It was not to be denied that such an enterprise, whether prospectively profitable to its undertakers or not, was of immediate profit to the country. For land lying idle was brought into use and the labourers employed were well enough paid to have a good chance of ending their days on land of their own. Moreover, food and shelter were so easy to come by anywhere in those days that these men could hardly be said to have been starved into working.

This work well in hand, and the returns beginning to come in, I felt, after all the worries and anxieties of the enterprise, easy enough in my mind.

It must not be thought that I was abnormally scrupulous at this time or that I worried myself much about the above-mentioned matters. I did not. I merely felt gratified at success in making so many millions of blades of grass grow where none grew before and in having enriched myself a little without, as far as I knew, wronging anyone in the process.

I was aware also of another piece of great good fortune: that I had not that unpleasant consciousness which poisons success for decent people in so many commercial undertakings—the consciousness that such success has been the ruin of a rival trader. On the contrary, a settler in new country is never a rival settler; he is quite a different thing, a *fellow* settler, and as such is usually warmly welcomed by his neighbours. The amount of extra wool and mutton he will put on the world's market will make no appreciable difference in the general price, while his coming is usually helpful and advantageous to the other settlers in many ways. Country dwellers in New Zealand have many interests in common, and almost all my neighbours were working or had at some time worked with their hands on much the same jobs.

So, I say, I was easy in my mind, feeling that all that I required was to be let alone, to grow wool and mutton in peace, without interference from Government or Trade Union. To all intents and purposes I was

let alone. The far-famed socialism of New Zealand never, in those days, seriously menaced the position of the capitalist; it was rather the wage-earner that it tended in the long run to render more powerless than ever.

The real power in New Zealand was in the hands of the capitalists, including the great body of well-to-do land-owners, large and small, backed by those who hoped some day to be land-owners themselves. Manufactures or industries of any kind hardly existed except those directly connected with the land, and it was deemed so right that these should be subservient to the main interest of direct production, that when any strike among the dockers or the freezing-works people was carried to any inconvenient lengths, the whole countryside was at once up in indignation, and hundreds of young shepherds and settlers' sons came riding to the coast to do the work, rather than that "we producers who run New Zealand should be bounced by a lot of lazy town blighters who never know when they are well off."

And, after all, the workers had so far been pretty well paid; and it was the policy of the Government to make it easy for a steady man to get his own bit of land.

The panacea of Mr. Belloc, distribution of the land, is seen here in action, and in that early stage of the country's development it may almost be said to have sufficed. But the root of injustice was there in the wage system, and its dire product, a servile class, was already in existence, helpless though highly recalcitrant, and it was soon clear that when all the land was fully occupied there would be no escape for large classes from wage slavery, when serious trouble would inevitably arise.

Meanwhile, I lived an untroubled life, serving indeed on the County Council, which looked after the roads and little else, but otherwise simply digging my own garden, careful above all things never to poke my nose unmasked into the private affairs of my neighbours, either rich or poor.

In course of time, however, I returned to England, where I proposed to live the same natural and not altogether unsatisfactory life.

But just as the smoke and hideousness of an English manufacturing town, hardly noticed by its inhabitants, were to me, after the beauty of the bush and the clean southern air, causes of continuous offence and loathing, so the state of so many fellow-English, starved in body and mind and degraded, even in soul, by constant poverty and fear of impending destitution, filled me with abiding horror and shame.

And yet I found many of my old friends, living very comfortable, religious lives, almost as blind to the horror around them as those others to the filthy smoke. They ran adult schools, attended peace meetings, teetotal meetings, mission meetings, built model villages, and occupied themselves with all sorts of would-be good works, mainly directed to the control of the workers from above. For they quite regarded Poverty as a necessary product of civilization. Its presence did not outrage them at all, and never did they think of the poor as of enslaved fellow-Englishmen who should be freed to manage their own lives.

Their very religion, too, seemed to teach them that the poor should bear their divinely appointed hardships with meekness, and it had never struck many of those good people that they themselves were in any way responsible; that they themselves, many of them, were living on the profits of a hideous slavery had never, never crossed their minds.

One old friend, kindly and not rich, confessed that he could only run his little factory and keep alive his wife and family by the fact that there were scores of half-starved young women in the adjacent slum always ready to come and work for next to nothing.

I knew myself to be no more a hero than these. It was not in me to sell all that I had and to give to the poor, even if that were likely to be much use. "And if these good people can live happily here, doubtless I can dull my conscience to do the same" I said. "But in the meantime I am not blind, so cannot be an unconscious hypocrite, and a conscious hypocrite I will not be. I will therefore make no profession of religion, I will not even claim to be a decent citizen. Yet, though I may not hope to save my soul, something I may do to a little ease my conscience. I will follow carefully what the best

people are doing and thinking toward finding a way out of this horrible state of things."

A friend about this time suggested in all good faith Charity Organisation work! But I simply loathed charity—Charity, that blasteth giver and receiver alike. I remembered, too, certain pink cards of a similar society, in my early home (*Mendacity* tickets, we boys called them) kept handy as stones for those needy who should ask for bread.

Another old friend, a well-meaning Liberal pacifist, admitted indeed the injustice of present conditions, but laid it down that nothing could possibly be done without a "general change of heart." Nothing till you have changed human nature indeed! Who wants to change it? And into what? And who the devil are you going to get to change it, anyway? Has it not been said "The Kingdom of God is within you"?

Yes, yes. We are not by nature devilish. Tell us, and most of us will be right enough.

Then I went to the Fabian Meetings. There we heard Shaw brilliantly advocate equal wages for everyone, and Webb declaim in favour of Inspectorships for all. The clear-cut schemes of Mrs. Webb for dragooning the poor interested me for a while. But with the Fabians there was for me no abiding place. Twenty years of wanting simply to be let alone took away any possible enthusiasm for any project of superimposed bureaucracy. Moreover, I had listened to Mr. Belloc who pointed out that to nationalise production, as proposed, would merely mean to replace the present shareholders by State bondholders. The State would then be openly run by these bondholders, the Government would be their board of directors, and the workers would be exploited in their interest, rigidly, systematically, and without appeal.

It is true that such a Government would probably see to it that the working classes were suitably born, suitably trained for their jobs, suitably married, suitably housed, suitably fed and teetotally watered, suitably preached to, suitably amused—in short, suitably and Germanically looked after while they lived, and when they died, economically buried; but it was very clear that barring the only too feeble

chance of a bloody revolution, nine Englishmen out of ten would be bound for ever in hopeless slavery. For enforced military service, under officers of the bondholding class, would result (strikes being, of course, made illegal) in making the absolute domination by the rich an easy matter. And the degradation of the workers had already gone so far that there are very many of them who would actually welcome as Paradise a set of conditions which to a really freeborn Englishman would constitute the deadliest of hells.

And it was further pointed out that Labour Exchange Acts, Old Age Pensions Acts, Poor Law Reports, and suchlike, culminating in the Insurance Act by which the proletariat was for the first time actually labelled and ticketed as such, were all highly efficient in still more firmly riveting their chains on the workers. Then, hopeless and disillusioned, I became still more depressed, and exclaimed in bitterness of spirit "Who will show us any good?"

For a time I was a member of the Labour Party but found there little but class selfishness, exploited by its officials, not much real intelligence and no vision whatever.

But about that time, by a mere chance, I happened to pick up a copy of a paper advocating the idea of National Guilds—*The New Age*. This paper seemed to me indeed full of faults, of unnecessary bitterness, of over-violent statements, of super-acid fault-findings, sometimes of almost unforgivable sins against that dread god Good Taste, but I went on reading it. There seemed no escape from it. For there gradually dawned on my consciousness that here was that almost unheard-of thing, a newspaper with a sort of soul, and that its editor could by no means be the Thersites of Chancery Lane, leading a band of raving iconoclasts, that at first sight he seemed, but, rather, a serious thinker, engaged with others in elucidating and propagating a great constructive idea.

I soon met this editor—Orage—and found him all and more than I had guessed, and I continued intimate with him for some years. He had a keen and powerful mind, a mind in which I not uncommonly realized I was out of my depth. He was a most lucid writer, as an editor he was a genius, he was a fascinating

talker, a first-rate laugher, and altogether an ideal companion, either with others in town, or with myself alone, over half the roads in the country.

Yet I do not think we could quite call him a *great* man; he had not quite the unbending strength of character for that, and strangely enough, with all his great ability and power he seemed to me to suffer at times and in some ways, under what in modern jargon is called an inferiority complex.

At that time he was "giving a good show" in the *New Age* to the National Guilds scheme, an attempt to utilize for modern industrialization a little of the old Trade Guilds idea.

There seemed to me some hope in this and I joined in. Indeed, the idea was good enough and may yet, when we are really free, be of much use to us.

Now Orage was always ready, not only to give a chance to any young writer who showed any sign of promise, but he was also open to consider any new idea, however startling. He had never had, I believe, any profound faith in the all-curing potentiality of the National Guilds idea that he was rather cautiously advocating, and so when someone came along with a much greater, all-embracing, even revolutionary idea, he was quite ready to devote his great mind-power to the weighing and testing of it.

Major C. H. Douglas had been offering his book on Social Credit to various publishers and none would for a moment consider it. Orage accepted it at once and published it in a series of articles in the *New Age*. I found it at the time a bit beyond me, but sitting for hours and hours with Douglas and Orage and a succession of enquirers I managed to grasp not only what the proposed changes were but also the enormous effect they would have on the future of civilization. They meant the certain freedom of mind and body for every one of us, for the enjoyment of a simple healthy life, for personal independence in the best sense of the word.

Some of the above-mentioned séances with politicians, orthodox economists and what not were amusing enough. I remember De Metzu, the tall aquiline-featured Basque philosopher, brought for instruction a short, round, rather stupid peasant-like

banker from Madrid. The Don and Sancho to the very life.

Then there was "A.E." the Irish poet who sat all one evening with wide kindly eyes, a charming, bearded child he seemed to me, listening mouth open, understanding not a word. There was Tawney too, and Commander Kenworthy (now Lord Strabolgi), and Holbrook Jackson and others.

It soon became clear that the establishment of Social Credit was the only possible way to clear the ground for the National Guild idea, and that it was no use bothering about the latter for the present. I remember stating, at what I think was its last meeting, that Douglas had torpedoed the National Guilds League. He had.

Then for a year or so Orage worked with Douglas ably advocating Social Credit in the *New Age*, till, having overworked, he was taken ill and for a time, I think, was not the man he had been. He came under the influence of a certain Russian mystic, his will seemed weakened and his sense of humour left him. He suddenly sold the *New Age* to an outsider and left for France and then America.

This was a pretty bad blow to the movement, but later Arthur Brenton took over the *New Age* and so kept Social Credit alive and the idea began to spread a little among the educated.

About then I heard of some unusual chap who was reported to have a well-trained and disciplined body of young followers, and who had become awake to Social Credit. Then a friend in India sent me a copy of *Kibbo Kift* which she had just reviewed for a paper there.

Later, at one of those aimless and useless conferences of well-meaning people, of which I have attended a shocking lot, I came across this man. In mufti himself, he was attended by two or three fine-looking Robin Hood archers in Lincoln green. Good Lord, I said to myself, whatever sort of a bally circus have I got myself into now?

Then I heard him speak. His speech came like a blast of clean, cool wind, clearing out the steamy yellow fog in which the meeting had been stifling. What was the exact question before us I forgot, but I remember

that it was Hargrave against the lot, and so clear was he both as to the general helplessness of the movement in certain directions and the gleams of promise in others that I said without a moment's hesitation, this is the man for me, and not once since has my confidence in him ever been shaken. We had a yarn together at once and he came to lunch with me soon after to meet Douglas, who seemed, however, to my surprise, quite frightened of him!

Well, I saw thence-forward more and more of Hargrave and even attended an archery camp, where I slept much warmer in my car than did the others in their frosty tents. And there was a three day meeting down Erith way.

Before actually joining the K.K. I led, at Hargrave's instance, evening after evening, a line of sandwich men up the main West End gutters, one election time. The boards carried were to impress on the public the folly and uselessness, in the circumstances, of even voting at all! I had never realized, till I had it thundering uncomfortably close on my heels, the enormous volume of the London bus traffic. The job, however, was easy and simple enough. We started out from Fetter Lane, under City rules showing nothing till we got past Holborn, then we got between our boards and trudged the gutter to Marble Arch, leaking back as the roads emptied. No one interfered, police and people were perfectly amicable. Returning down Regent Street one night a well-dressed stranger seemed interested. "You wouldn't believe," I said, "what hard times these are for us poor sandwich men." He looked hard, and then with a grin—"Well, you've got a bloody good pair of boots on, anyway." I had—Crêpe rubber golfers!

Various marches from the City to 10 Downing Street or the House of Commons or into Hyde Park from longer distances were not only excellent publicity but had the effect of welding together all classes amongst us into a solid body.

Hargrave's insistence on uniform and willing discipline was indeed first class policy. It very definitely frightened the Money Power. But unfortunately it also scared the more timorous Social

Creditors, many of whom, while approving Social Credit, never realized its revolutionary power, and in their hearts desired no change, at any rate in *their* time.

Some indeed came to hate the Green Shirt and all it stood for, and so when Money took action we had not the protest from them which might have saved us the use of this very valuable arm. But you young ones will be in Green again, never fear. My own chance, at eighty, is not quite so good but my "shirt" is safe and ready in my "moth-box."

Somewhere about now I read to a roomful of people a paper by Hargrave on the danger of napping in Byepath Meadow. It was at the M.M., a sort of informal club which I myself had started as a meeting centre for London Social Crediters. Hargrave, however, was too strong meat for these good people, and it ended later in my being chucked out and the Club shortly coming to an end.

The uniform was rather a snag for an ageing bourgeois, but it did not take me very long to see what power there was in it, and, later, in the flags and drums, and so in that matter I soon toed the line.

There has always been a division of political opinion among Social Crediters.

On the one side were those over-sanguine ones who thought that you had only to convince a layer of higher intelligence at the top of the truth of your theory and the job would be as good as done.

Now these earnest and intelligent people were often doing excellent work. But, usually unknown, they were quite unorganised and by preference entirely unled. They occasionally met in aimless speak-easy Conferences which never decided on anything, and naturally their effect on the public mind was almost nil.

Then there is the class of people who call themselves Social Crediters but who are not really so at all. Rather they are in earnest only in quite other directions. They are more deeply interested in their reputations as highbrows or as men of the world. They are in earnest as to world cure by pig-raising or water-cropping, in earnest as to the supremacy of

Holy Church, as to "pacifism over all," as to the circulation of a little paper, or just as to keeping a job. They also attend conferences and what not, but lukewarm Laodiceans, mugwumps, they are just a drag on the movement.

Social Credit with them? Just something to argue about.

Apart from all these people stands the Social Credit Party—the Green Shirts—led by Hargrave, its elected Head Man.

We know that the moving force—the real high pressure steam—must come from below; from the real heart of the people.

Much guiding intelligence may have to come from above but in these matters mere intelligence without emotion is an engine without petrol; and emotion does not come from the brain.

"Brain without bowels shifts nowt."

And you must be in earnest yourself or you can never touch that emotion in others. The Social Credit Party are well aware that this revolution, like all others, must come from *below*. And they have grasped the further fact, which is this:

That though any meeting or assembly of people may decide on a policy, yet the moment it is necessary to put that policy into force, *to take action*, at that moment someone must be made responsible for getting things actually done, whether it be running a business, a war, or the task of establishing Social Credit. And all workers under that man must be organised and disciplined, or all goes to a jelly.

And here we meet a bogey.

"A leader may become a dictator" cry timid Hitler-haunted souls. No, no. Not among the English!

Do we fear it even in Churchill? Not a bit of it!

And to those who understand to what sort of freedom of mind and body Social Credit will bring us, the notion is still more absurd.

No. The people who work this boggart are, I am afraid, those self-sufficient ones who "will never follow anything which other men begin."

Unless he himself is that rare bird a born leader the man who cannot, on occasion, try, trust and follow a leader is likely to be only a self-opinionated jackass and no sort of good to any cause.

And at this time the ever increasing body of convinced Social Crediters stood somewhat at a loss as to which should be the better of the two methods of advance. On the one hand, by cold reason disseminated from above, on the other by hot reason marching from below.

Meanwhile an attempt was made to run the movement by a self-appointed "Secretariat," which spent a lot of money and came to a somewhat ignominious end. There was the still-born absurdity of the so-called "Electoral Campaign," there were half-hearted attempts to get Social Credit by a side wind, "War on the Rates," "Crown Vouchers," "Pensions at Fifty," and what not, which all quickly petered out.

I have been asked again and again—"Has not Social Credit failed in Alberta?"

The truth is: it has never been tried there at all. It is the attempt to introduce Social Credit that has failed, so far, thanks mainly to the bitter hostility of the Money Power. But the people of Alberta returned a Social Credit Government for a second five-year term of office in August, 1940—which proves that they still desire the Social Credit experiment to be allowed in that Province.

In Britain, however, the whole movement was getting weakened, disintegrating, without policy or leadership. But it was not really moribund, for the Social Credit Party was growing steadily in power and taking all action to itself. Here indeed was organised life and movement. Here in this green spearhead, this phalanx of eager young fighters, willing, ardent, self-denying men and women ready for anything: Hargrave and his Green Shirts.

Strong in energy and conviction they survived contempt, hatred, de-shirting, conscription, and the serious trouble of bombing and the black-out.

They are going now stronger than ever, the weekly "Message from Hargrave" a clear directive inspira-

tion, and their aggressive members everywhere, especially in the Army and the Air Force, spreading the "Word." We even hear of talks and lectures being given to the troops at the request of commanding officers.

The Green Shirts of the SCP are enthusiastically alive. They have painted the whole movement green. "Social Crediter" and "Green Shirt" are today interchangeable terms.

THE WAR

"Behold now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." (2 Corinth. 6.2.).

Yes, now is the chance to get what, without this universal upset, this inevitable crash of our financial system we might, maybe, never get at all.

It is beginning to be realized that all Europe is in revolution against misery and poverty. The Socialist heaven, hoped for by the great Lenin, has become a corrupt, degraded tyranny, and we can do nothing to help Russia out of it.

In Europe the evil Hitler has used the great pressure of German misery to subserve his own plan for the brutal subjugation of the world and the ruin of civilization and decent human life.

First of all then, and at any price, Hitler must be smashed. In doing this we must have help; help from all not entirely soulless Germans.

To this end, what have we to offer them? We, too, as a nation, even when at work, are wickedly underfed, shockingly housed, with millions starved in mind and spirit, existing on a miserable dole, our boasted democratic government a sham, and the freedom we brag of largely slavery.

What good smashing Hitler if we have nothing better to offer Europe than our own pre-war state of things? What good to offer another soulless plutocracy with the same old money gang in charge and the International Bank in full control of an omnipotent European airforce?

Can we be as madly absurd as to offer them that?
Or shall we say with the Social Credit Party—

Starvation, or even semi-starvation, in anything is now unnecessary. With modern science harnessed to industry no one now doubts that, if each does his quota of easy work, every man, woman, and child amongst us can have enough simple food and comfort. Without the definite inalienable right to these things—food, warmth, shelter—there can be no freedom of mind, body, or soul, and no lasting peace on this earth.

Let the National Accounts be clearly and honestly kept, for the scientific distribution to all of the means for obtaining these necessities—this Real Wealth.

We must do this *now, at once, during the war*, or we shall have nothing with which to make a just debt-free peace.

More than ever I am a Green Shirt.



PHILIP T. KENWAY.

Author of *Pioneering in Poverty Bay* (Murray).

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS *WITHIN YOU*. Luke xvii. 21.

Extract from a letter to an old hard-headed Scots friend "down under" whose only hope for a better future seems to lie in the elimination of self-interest from human nature.

"My dear Mc——,

You are in many ways much wiser and better informed than I am. But perhaps this very fact adds zest to the present urge I have to call you a silly fool. Hereby and herewith I do so.

It seems that you are in agreement with those goody folk who would put off all reform or reconstruction till something they call a *change of heart* has taken place all round.

Some years back a friend of mine was at a meeting in the City of well intentioned commercial dignitaries to consider the state of the nation. They discussed unemployment, semi-starvation, slum dwellings and so on to no particular purpose. Then arose the chairman of Deacon's Bank, a citizen well advanced in life, his neck bulging over his collar with good living. He said almost tearfully, 'This state of things, gentlemen, we all agree is truly bad, we most deeply deplore it, but I do not see that we can hope for anything better till the Second Coming of our Lord.'

Your own position seems to me just as absurd, for, to postulate any sudden change in human nature is to give up all hope of better things. Neither Buddha, Christ, Mahomet nor Lenin effected anything of the sort, for, though they have in a greater or less degree directed and helped the good in human nature, they have left it, in essentials, much as before.

For myself, I hold that human nature, as it is, is at any rate good enough to work on. I know your own nature is, and so I fancy is even mine, together with that of the great majority.

Most of us are, of course, stupid fools, but that is neither here nor there. We are not talking just now of brains but (in the old sense of the word) of bowels.

And I hold to my opinion of human nature in spite of all one can say against it, in spite of rogues, evil men, and all the 'trainees' of Hitler and his like. And anyway human nature is all we've got!

If then, by any chance, you come to hold, as I do, that a community of really free men is capable and likely to govern itself justly and well, you will no longer worry yourself about any super-imposed government planned by the Wellses or the Webbes or anyone else. You will want, first of all, to do all you can to get those men free.

You will, I think, agree that no man is free unless his livelihood is assured to him, unless he can be certain that food, warmth, shelter and a modicum of happy comfort cannot be denied him by anyone.

You will agree that modern scientific production makes this perfectly possible for all our people and perhaps you will agree that it is only the money power that denies it to them; admitting that what is physically possible is financially possible.

And here it may occur to you that though the English may have to fight the whole world, victory will profit us nothing unless we have established the individual freedom of man in body and in mind as defined above. And that is what Social Credit will do and what nothing else as far as I know even attempts to do.

You say that you cannot see that it could possibly work, but your friends the Webbs are of another opinion. After a long discussion they admitted to Douglas that they thought it might work all right but said that it was not at all what they wanted. What they wanted was, of course, the Servile State and I have a suspicion that that may be a little the nature of your ideal—to me a loathsome one!

PHILIP T. KENWAY."

The Three Demands of the Social Credit Party

1. OPEN THE NATIONAL CREDIT OFFICE:

This will enable the British people to know what Real Wealth is available for distribution. It is obvious that, before it is possible to issue the National Dividend, we must be able to estimate Real Wealth productive capacity—i.e. real assets, goods and services that can be used, and not, as now, fictitious financial debts.

2. ISSUE THE NATIONAL DIVIDEND:

This will enable each individual citizen to obtain his proper (flat-rate) share of goods and services, based on the productive capacity of the Nation as a whole, as an inalienable right, over and above wages or other income.

3. APPLY THE RETAIL PRICE ADJUSTMENT:

This will enable goods and services to be sold at the Just Price. The Just or Scientific Price of any article is the Cost of Consumption during the period of Production. Retailers will, under a social-credit regime, be required to sell "below cost" (as now calculated), the difference being refunded to the retailers by the issue of National Credit, thus enabling them to pay the full price (as now calculated) to the wholesalers.

The result of the social-credit mechanism will be to monetise Real Wealth by keeping a proper balance between Consumer Incomes and Retail Prices, thus enabling the Nation to take and use the goods and services offered for sale. This creates a Debt-Free Nation, solves the problem of peace-time "Poverty amidst Plenty," and eliminates the main cause of all modern War—i.e. the fierce scramble for export markets abroad.

Price Twopence

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